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THE BENEFATOR.

THE FLOWER OF LEBANON.

In Lebanon the flow'et bloomed,
With native charms arrayed;
The skies of Eden lent its hue,
And Ascalon the shade.
The breeze of Sharon o'er it sigh'd,
It wept in evening's shower,
The sun beam woke while Hermon's dew
Imparted the beauteous flower.

How proudly rose its graceful stem,
Like Shen's clustering vine;
Queen of Engaddi's pleasant vale—
Fair flower of Palestine!
Whither has now its beauty flown;
Ah, where the rich perfume!
Why should the lovely flow'et fade,
Why dies its early bloom?

The prophet Lord, beholds no more,
The flower, its sweets disclose—
The maids of Syria pass away,
They shun the drooping rose.
Return! ye genial suns, return—
Ye dews of heaven revive;
Breathe! Oh, ye zephyrs on this stem,
And bid the flow'et live!

THE WORLD

May be compared to a party of pleasure: we are all in pursuit of happiness, set out in good humor, and propose nothing but enjoyment through the course of the whole day. But alas! few of the party have their expectations answered. Diverted by the objects as we pass along, one pursues this, and another that, and a third a fresh phantom, until every one has singled out his favorite delight. And at this period of the journey, emulation, strife, envy and debate, commonly overtake the travellers, cloud the bright prospects, and mar the rising happiness of the day.

Though the world is wide enough for every one to take a little, and there appears no reason why we jostle and make one unhappy as we pass along; yet as it is, we are continually thwarting and crossing each other at right angles; and soon lose all sense and memory of that temper which governed us at our first setting out. We find that we have strayed from the path we had selected, become disappointed, suspicious and selfish, sullen and morose, and never reflect until it is too late. Our temper has lost its sweetness; and we do not feel those kind and gentle, those friendly and fraternal sensations playing round our hearts, that love and benevolence for our fellow travellers, and that interest in their enjoyments, which once warmed our bosoms, and without which there is certainly no such thing as a day of pleasure.

We are inclined by the law of nature to live together in love. We feel the emotions of friendship and piety; they are found in every man's breast, unless he does violence to himself and stiffens them: and were implanted within us to admonish and excite us to the offices of humanity.

When we feel the misfortunes of life they lead us to enter into the adversity of others, and we know that it is natural to rejoice. Through the power of sympathy our eyes are overflowed with tears, and our hearts melted with pity. We feel interested in every scene of affliction through which we see our fellow creatures called to pass—and not only so, but even the relation of fictitious calamities calls forth this gentleness of our nature.

We know that benevolent offices done to those who need them, afford the most solid and delicious of all pleasures to the benefactor. As therefore nature has made another man's misfortunes our sorrows, and his joys our joys, it must be highly rational, good and pleasant to fall in with those friendly emotions, and live together like brethren, in unity and love. It must always be right, and our interest, to obey the dictates of nature, when they are friendly and benevolent. It is quite unjust to require kindness and affection from others, without being ready and willing to bestow them in our turn.

THE FUTURE.

It is covered with darkness. Uncertainty hovereth over it. No mortal ken reacheth beyond the present *now*. We may dream about it and fancy we see it beyond our eyes, and live in the midst of it by anticipation—but after all our fancyings, it is not. An inseparable cloud hangeth over it and shutteth it up from the prying eyes of mortals. We see not the bare and rugged paths over which our feet are destined to travel. The torture by which our finest feelings may yet be tried, we feel not. The shock of parting spirits and the almost insufferable pangs of widowed loneliness we cannot realize. The ills of life of which the flesh is heir to, are so distant to our view, we think nought await them, but press along in our journeyings thro' this unfriendly clime, plucking the roses as they bloom. And although our fellow travellers are daily suffering before our eyes, to warn us of what we ourselves must sooner or later, endure; still we go forward without thought, unprovided for the future, and putting off from day to day the great preparation necessary for the hour of trial.

O how thoughtlessly we live. How carelessly we provide for the future. How little do we estimate our time. That precious jewel which if weighed in a balance would be found inestimable! beyond price! "more precious than silver or gold, or all that this earth can afford." Its embraces are friendly, but they are short lived. It offereth us the opportunity to prepare for its departure, but stayeth not to hear our excuses—waiteth not upon us, but passeth onwards without delay, leaving us when it is too late to curse our folly and indecision. What we have left undone, must remain undone forever. The future will fill up the chasm we have made in our past lives.—We cannot recall the past, neither can we blot it from our memory.

It will remain there through all future time to disturb us with its baleful presence.

The future, although not seen, it is at hand. It cometh to weigh our conduct in the balances of truth. Its voice will be like thunder—its charges weighty and just. It is fraught with the richest harvest of our past and present industry, or with the briars and thorns, and pains and sorrows, the natural consequences of our shameful neglect and sinful sluggishness. It beareth along with it riches and honors, peace and contentment: or poverty and disgrace, wickedness and misery. It cometh to scatter our plumes in the dust, and to cover us with clouds and darkness; or to light up our souls with the bow of joy and of hope.—Would we look at the future with composure, let us improve the *present*. Do we tremble at what befalls us before we lay our heads down in the dust? Let us remember that pure and undefiled religion can support us in all our trials here below. Is there a fearful forboding and uncertainty resting on our minds concerning an hereafter? Thanks be to God, even in this we may be confident, that he who applies his heart unto wisdom, and lives in constant preparation for his last and great change, shall be covered with the pavilion of God's love and over him the future will spread the sheltering arms of an approved conscience!

EXTRACT.

The pleasures and delights of this life are greatly dependant upon our keeping up a kind of friendly correspondence with our brethren. Life is a great journey, and there is no such thing as travelling in comfort, through the several stages of it, without the assistance of those around us.

Yesterday we were in such circumstances, that, had not the voice of pity reached us, and some hand been held out to support us, we had fainted on the road; to-day, the scene is entirely changed; we are full of joy and happiness; but still the gratulations of our friends and those who love us increase this happiness; for joy, like light, by communication, grows greater and burns brighter. The truth is, our condition is such, while here in the body, that there is no man so despicable and mean, but we may sometimes need his good will, and whose good will may not be of service to us, and whose assistance may not sometimes oblige us?

It is in every one's power, who will be at the pains, to keep us always uneasy, by diverting us from our favourite pursuits; by affronting and discomposing our minds, or by defaming, and thereby raising us up enemies, and bringing upon us a storm of general hatred. There is hardly any person so low and contemptible, but who may, in some way or another, prejudice our welfare, and throw us into a great depth of trouble. A wise man, therefore, will not think it beneath him to use all honest means to procure the good will of those around him, and to shun all occasions of needless provocation.

THE TRAVELLER.

FROM ANDERSON'S MISSION TO SUMATRA.

"In the Assahan river, the alligators are very numerous, and particularly bold. Hundreds of people have lost their lives by those devouring animals. About an hour after we anchored a man was pulled out of a low canoe near us, and devoured in a moment; and a few days before, one of the crew belonging to Che Ismael, my pilot's boat, a powerful, stout, young man, who was sitting at the stern of the boat, steering with a paddle, was snatched off. They raise their heads a foot or two out of the water, and pull the people out of the boats. About a month ago, a boat with three horses and six goats, which the Rajah Muda was sending down the river, to be embarked on board a large prow going down to Pinang, was attacked by a whole swarm of these ferocious creatures, which surrounded the boat on all sides. Being low and rickety, the horses took fright, and began to kick, on which the boat upset. Another small boat in company instantly saved the three or four Malays who were in the boat; but the horses and goats were devoured in an instant. Near the mouth of the river, where there is a fishing-house, there is an alligator of a most prodigious size, his back, when a little out of the water, resembling a large rock. He remains constantly there, and is regularly fed upon the head and entrails of the large pari, or skate fish which are caught there. I saw him, and the Malays called him to his meal. He appeared full twenty feet long. Being in rather a small boat at the time, I wished to make all haste away; but the Malays assured me he was quite harmless, so much so, that his feeders pat his head with their hands; a dangerous amusement certainly, but shewing the wonderful tameness and sagacity of the creature, naturally so ferocious. He will not allow any other alligator to approach the place; and on that account the Malays almost worship him. In going into the river near the entrance, where the water is shallow, we several times touched the alligators and large saw-fish (which are here immensely large) and they shook the boat as if we had run violently against a rock. I procured the snout of a saw-fish of an immense size here. It required four canoes, and ten or twelve men to secure him, when he was hooked; and he run his teeth an inch into the boat, threatening to dash the frail bark in pieces. This fish yielded eight gantons of oil, used for caulking prows.

"A small prow which we met with this afternoon, had the day before fallen in with a very large male elephant in this narrow channel, which of course choked up the passage. The crew, four in number, fled to a tree not far off, where they remained for the night, previously fastening the boat to the reeds. The single male elephants are very dangerous. When they are in herds, they generally fly on the approach of boats; but the single ones attack and frequently kill the people in the boats. Coming suddenly upon them, they take them up with their trunks, and dash them to the ground; or throw them up in the air, and catch them upon their tusks as they fall. The Battas sometimes attack them single-handed with large spears,

with which they stab them in the belly; but they often suffer for their temerity. The most usual way of killing them is by lying in wait for them as they pass down in the evening to the river's side to bathe, the Battas concealing themselves on the branches of large trees, and as the elephants pass under, throwing down a large heavy pointed iron pike, with a rope attached to it, which, if properly directed, pierces the elephant through the back, and kill him on the spot. I saw two very large tusks, which had been procured a few days before by this expedient. When an elephant is killed, the rajah gets one tusk, and the person who kills the animal the other. This afternoon we saw a large herd of wild buffaloes, of an uncommon size, coming down to the river to bathe, but on our appearance they ran off into the jungles, a large bull only halting below a tree, and, as it were, watching our motions. The traces of elephants were seen on a small sand-bank, where they appeared to have recently been.

"This country abounds with a great variety of snakes (ular,) some of them of an immense size, and beautifully marked. These snakes are to be met with in most of the other states along the coast, and are not peculiar only to Batu China; but as I met with some, and obtained my information, at this place, I shall now describe them. The principal are detailed in the following list:—Ular tiong, about the thickness of a man's wrist, spotted black, green, and yellow. Sawa or sau, which the natives describe as being marked like a chindy or Surat waistbann, four fathoms long, and as thick as a Nebong tree. This is the boa-constrictor, which grows to an amazing size here. Sedon angin, from eight to ten feet long, and as thick as a wrist, with a red mouth and blackish skin. Panti masa, about nine feet long, and of a yellow colour. Mura, a small snake, only a foot long, darkish colour, interspersed with white spots; it spits venom. Pucha, a beautiful snake, about three feet in length, of a light pea green colour. Bakow, very small, four or five inches long, so called from its changing its color when the leaves of the bakow tree change, being green, yellow, or red, according to the colour of the leaves. Baka tuba, a small snake, black and white spots. Sidi, thick as a man's middle finger, three feet long, mixed green, white, and yellow. Bidei, a flat snake, nine feet long, and as thick as a child's wrist. Nagala, with a skin like gold, and of a most prodigious size; the natives assured me, indeed, that they have seen them as large as a moderate-sized cocoa-nut tree, and they devour buffaloes, tigers, and other large animals; but they are ever prone to exaggeration."

"The animals of Sumatra already been fully described; and I am not aware that there are on the east side of the island any very remarkable species which is not well known to the naturalist. The elephants, gajah, are very numerous and large. Immense quantities of ivory might be obtained, if the natives were more expert and skilful in ensnaring and destroying them. The rhinoceros, badak; tigers, rimau; elk, rusa; gadang and palm dok, small deer; hogs, babi; civet cat, musang; wild buffaloes, karbau jalang; horses, kudla; bears,

bruang; porcupine, landok; guana, biawa; squirrel, tupei; diminutive deer, called kanchi, and kichang; sloth, pukang; flying squirrel, tupei terbang; goats, kambing; and numerous other animals, occupy the woods. Of the monkey tribe there are many species. Lotong, a large black monkey, long armed, long hair, with a greyish head; kara, a small reddish or olive brown colored monkey; kara laut, or sea monkey, brown, middle-sized, long tail; these are found, as their name implies, near the mouths of the rivers, close to the sea. Bruk, a large reddish-skinned short haired monkey, which the Malays say can be instructed to buy fish, fire guns, and cut cocoa-nuts. Mundi resembles the bruk, but of a smaller size. Tingling, reddish colour, not very large, long nails, and long tail. They are very vicious, and bite and scratch."

SCIENTIFIC.

ON BRONZING PLASTER FIGURES, AND OTHER ARTICLES.—By the editor of the Franklin Journal.—What is called bronzing, is the giving to articles an appearance similar to that assumed by statues, and other ornamental works, which are made of the compound of copper and tin, known under the name of bronze. In them the metallic surface becomes corroded by exposure, and in general appears of an intense green colour—whilst the more prominent parts, being most subjected to friction, retain a portion of metallic lustre.

Different modes of producing this effect are pursuable, but they all consist in covering the figure to be bronzed, either with water, or oil paint, of the desired colour, and then rubbing a metallic powder upon the projecting parts.

When water colour is used, the work must be sized over, until it will bear out, that is, until the moisture will stand upon the surface, and not sink immediately in.—The books in general recommend size made from isinglass—but cold, clear, common glue is much cheaper, and will answer equally well. After the cast or sculpture has been properly sized, it is ready to receive the colour; that is prepared by grinding Prussian blue, yellow ochre, and lamb-black, in some weak size. The colours ought to be ground separately, and afterwards mixed together, as the Prussian blue requires more grinding than either of the others—and because they may afterwards be so mixed as to produce any tint required. The colour must then be spread evenly over the article to be bronzed, and allowed to dry. When it is dry, dip a brush into some thin oil gold size, scrape the brush, so that but little of the size may remain in it, and pass it over the figure, so as just to moisten every part: it is then to be put by, until it becomes tacky, that is, until the finger will adhere to, but not moistened by the size; it is then ready to receive the bronze powder.

When oil gold size is not at hand, a little japan varnish, or even fat oil, diluted with spirits of turpentine, will answer the purpose.

Sometimes the bronze powder is applied without the intervention of any adhesive matter, excepting the size contained in the water colour. It must then be rubbed on before the colour is perfectly dry.

To bronze with oil colour.—First give the work a coat of white or red lead, ground in oil, and when this is

perfectly dry, apply another coat, consisting of the colours before named, ground in oil, and mixed with a small quantity of japan varnish; this is to be suffered to dry, until it becomes tackey, when the bronze powder is to be applied to it. This is the mode pursued by Mr. Meer, of this city, whose bronzed figures are beautiful specimens of this process.

On Bronze Powders.—There are various kinds of bronze powder, which are kept for sale by many of the druggists. The *aurum musurium*, or mosaic gold, is used for inferior articles; this is a preparation of tin, quicksilver and sulphur, possessing a bright gold-like appearance. A copper coloured bronze may be obtained, by dissolving copper in aqua-fortis, until it is saturated, and then putting into the solution some small pieces of iron, when the copper will be precipitated in the metallic state; the fluid must then be poured off, and the powder carefully washed, dried and levigated, when it may be put by for use. Bronze powder is sometimes made from Dutch gold, which is sold in books, at a very low price. This is treated in the same way as gold leaf, in making the gold powder; all these inferior bronzes require to be covered with a coat of clear varnish, or they will very soon lose their metallic appearance—nor will the varnish entirely prevent, although it will greatly retard, this change.

True Gold Powder.—This is prepared by taking gold leaf, and grinding it with molasses or honey, on a fine marble slab, or in a wedgewood mortar. It may by this means be reduced to an extremely fine powder. The whole should then be put into a large glass jar, which must be filled with water, and the mass stirred, until the honey or molasses is completely dissolved. It is then allowed to remain at rest until the whole of the gold has fallen to the bottom; the larger portion of the fluid may then be poured off, and more water added. This process should be repeated several times, until the water comes off perfectly pure. The powder must then be dried, and it is fit for use. It is particularly requisite to be careful that a large proportionate quantity of water be used in the first washing; other wise the thickness of the sirop will prevent the fine powder from precipitating.

These processes are given with the double view of satisfying curiosity, and of instructing those who cannot procure the powders ready made; when they can be purchased, it is much cheaper to do this, than it is to make them.

Very excellent gold powder, of different shades of colour, is manufactured by Mr. Henry Carvill, of this city.

Mode of applying the Bronze Powders.—All the recipes which we have seen, direct the use of a brush, or of a piece of cotton, dipped in the powder; this mode is not only slovenly, but also wasteful, which is of some importance when gold powder is used, and no other material ought ever to be employed, as it greatly exceeds all its substitutes, both in durability and beauty, and when properly managed, the increased expence is trifling.

The best mode is to cover the finger with a small piece of doe-skin leather; this should be lightly dipped into the powder, and the loose particles rubbed off upon a piece of fine smooth leather, which may be pasted on a small piece of board, and kept for the purpose; or the cover of a book will answer perfectly well. The powder may then be applied so as to touch those parts only where it is wanted, and the quantity

may be regulated with the greatest exactness. A brush, or a piece of cotton, will allow particles of the powder to fall where it is not desired, and thus injure the work.

We have already said that the prominent parts only ought to be touched with the powder. Some articles however admit of more of the metallic covering than others.—Thus a medallion, which may be supposed to be frequently handled, and consequently rubbed bright, ought to be covered more freely than a bust or statue. It is evident that this must be left to the good sense of the workman.—Varnish is not only unnecessary, but would materially injure articles where the genuine gold powder is used.—*Philadelphia paper.*

NEW METHOD OF PREPARING QUILLS.—The following is the manner in which M. Schlaz, of Vienna, proceeds in the preparation of Quills for writing, by means he renders them more durable, and even superior to the best Hamburg Quills. For this purpose he makes use of a kettle, into which he pours common water, so as to occupy the fourth of its capacity; he then suspends a quantity of feathers perpendicularly, the barrel lowermost, and so placed, as that its extremity only may touch the surface of the water; he then covers the kettle with a lid properly adjusted, boils the water, and then keeps the feathers four hours in this vapour bath. By means of this process, he frees them from their fatty parts, and renders them soft and transparent. On the following day, after having scraped them with the blade, and then rubbed them with a bit of cloth, he exposes them to a moderate heat; by the day after they are perfectly hard and transparent, without however having the inconvenience of splitting too easily.

MUSCULANTOUS.

A CHINESE JUSTICE.

There was a certain Intendant of a province in that empire, who, out of regard to a particular friend of his, made him Chief Justice of the city where he resided. It happened that this Intendant, on a sudden, became inaccessible, and, under pretence of indisposition, would neither do business nor be seen. The Chief Justice was extremely concerned at this behavior; he came often to his house, but was denied admittance, at last however it was granted; and, on entering, he found the Intendant in a very melancholly posture; he therefore entreated his friend not to conceal from him the real cause of his affliction. For a while the Intendant resisted the entreaties of his kind visitant; but at last told him he had lost the Imperial seal out of his cabinet, which yet remained locked, and had no marks of violence upon it; and was therefore disabled from doing any thing, and cut off from all hopes of recovering this necessary instrument of his office. The chief Justice bade him keep up his spirits, and, instead of despairing, apply the great abilities he was known to possess, in contriving some means to get the seal again. The Intendant sighed, and said it was impossible. The Chief Justice asked him, if he had any potent enemy? Yes, said the Intendant, the Governor of this city bears a strong antipathy to me, because a friend of his missed the employment I now hold.—Very well, said the Chief Justice, then I have tho't of a method to set all this matter right; do you cause the

most valuable of your effects to be brought into your inner apartment; and, as soon as they are safe, let the outward part of your palace be set on fire; the Governor, as it is his duty, will be forced to come to your assistance; so soon as he appears, deliver him the cabinet in which the seal was placed; if it was he who caused it to be stolen, he will be glad to restore it, and at all events the blame will lie at his door, not yours. The Intendant instantly pursued his friend's scheme; the fire drew the Governor thither, as they expected; the cabinet was delivered to him in a seeming fright; and the next day, when the danger was over, the Intendant sending for it again, found the seal replaced; for the Governor, finding himself over-reached, wisely compounded, by thus returning the seal, for the fraud he had committed in procuring it. Thus the calmness of the Chief Justice proved a remedy, where a man of superior parts, but without equanimity, would have resigned every hope, and abandoned himself to despair.

THE ORIGIN OF THE JANISSARIES.

When Amurath I. had made a successful irruption into the provinces on the Danube, he was advised to incorporate a body of his army, instead of looking for new recruits to the original seat of his tribe. 'The advice was followed,' says Mr. Gibbon, 'the edict was proclaimed, many thousands of the European captives were educated in religion and arms, and the new militia was consecrated and named by a celebrated Darish. Standing in the front of their ranks, he stretched the sleeve of his gown over the head of the foremost soldier, and his blessing was delivered in these words: Let them be called Janissaries, (*Venias keris*, or new soldiers;) may their countenance be ever bright; their hand victorious; their swords keen. May their spear always hang over the heads of their enemies, and wheresoever they go may they return with a *white face*.' 'Such,' adds he, 'was the origin of these haughty troops—the terror of the nations, and sometimes of the Sultans themselves.' For two hundred years—namely, from the end of the 14th to that of the 15th century, the forces thus obtained by incorporating in the Mussulman army the fifth of Christian captive youths of the conquered villages, with the slaves of the Sultan composed the flower of the Turkish armies; and so long as the first Sultans ruled their nations from the hearts of the camps, and declared their decrees from the imperial stirrup, their obedience was secured, and there never was a fitter instrument of war and conquest. When the sovereigns of Europe had as yet no standing armies inured to discipline and possessed of experience—when there was no concert among the powers—and when, consequently, they could carry no great combined operations—the force of a body of troops like the Janissaries, who added the discipline and experience of veterans to the obedience of favoured slaves, and the burning enthusiasm of new converts, was irresistible. In this period, accordingly all the great successes of the Turkish army were gained. But when the Sultans began to prefer the pleasures of indolence to the visions of ambition and exchanged the toils of the camp for the debaucheries of the harem, the discipline of the corps relaxed, and its arms became more dangerous to friends than to the enemies of government. A great variety of attempts have since been made to suppress it; and in these attempts both Sultans, Grand Viziers, and inferior Ministers have been deposed or massacred. The number of the Janissaries was calculated, in the year 1779, at about 113,000. They composed the only regular effective infantry in the empire.

The late Admiral Colpoys, who rose to the highest rank and honors in his profession from his own merit and exertions alone, used to be fond of stating, that on first leaving his humble lodging to join his ship as a midshipman, his landlady presented him with a Bible and a guinea, saying—'God bless and prosper you, my lad, and as long as you live, never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or your prayers!' advice which he sedulously followed through life.

THE REPOSITORY.

MELESICHTON.

Melesichton was native of an illustrious family in Greece. While but a youth, the heroic actions of his ancestors engaged his glowing mind, and in several bold and hazardous engagements, he gave early demonstrations of his superior judgement and singular bravery; but as he was too fond of grandeur, his high and expensive way of living soon plunged him into a sea of trouble, which obliged him to fly with his wife Proxinoe, to a country seat on the sea shore, where they lived in profound solitude. Proxinoe was highly esteemed for wit, courage, and a majestic deportment. Many, who were in much better circumstances than Melesichton, made address to her on account of her birth and beauty; but true merit alone made him the object of her choice. Though their virtue and friendship were inviolable; though Hyman had never united a happier pair; yet their mutual attachment and affection proved put an aggravation of their sorrows.—With less impatience Melesichton could have borne the severest frowns of fortune, had he suffered alone, or without so tender a partner; and Proxinoe, with concern observed, that her presence augmented the pains of Melesichton.

Their sole comfort arose from the reflection, that heaven had blessed them with two children, beauteous as the graces: their son's name was Melipoeus, and the daughter's, Poeminis. Melipoeus was very active, strong, and courageous; in every gentlemanlike exercise, he excelled all the neighboring youth. He ranged the forests, and his pursuits was unerring and fatal as those of Apollo; however, the arts and sciences—those noble rays of the Deity—were more the objects of his contemplation, than his bow was his diversion.

Melesichton imprinted the love of virtue on the mind of his son, in air and mein, unaffected, soft, and engaging; in aspect noble, bold and dignified. His father wept over him with paternal anxiety.—Poeminis was equally the care of the mother, who instructed her in all the various arts with which the goddess Minerva has enriched the world; to those useful accomplishments were added the charms of music. Orpheus never sung, or touched his lyre more softly than Poeminis: her silver tresses were tied with a careless air; whilst some few ringlets unconfined, played about her ivory neck at the breath of every gentle zephyr. Without the aid of dress, no nymph was ever so beautiful, so free from pride, so little conscious of her own charms. The conduct and economy of the family, was her whole employment.

But Melesichton, lost to every hope of returning from his state of banishment, sought every opportunity to be alone. The sight of Proxinoe and her children, aggravated his sorrow. Often would he steal away to the sea shore, and at the foot of a large rock, full of tremendous caverns, bemoan his wayward fate; from thence repair to a gloomy vale, where, even at mid-day, no sun-beam entered.—There would he sit on the margin of the dark stream, and ponder o'er his ills. Sleep was a stranger to his eye-lids; untimely age furrowed his brow; bending to the storm,

he grew negligent of life, and sunk under the pressure of accumulated misery.

One day, as he was reclining on the bank in this dreary cave, tired and fatigued with thought, he sunk imperceptibly into a slumber. In a dream, he saw the goddess Ceres crowned with a golden sheave, who approached him with majesty and sweetness, and thus addressed him;—"Why art thou thus overwhelmed by thy fate?" Melesichton replied—"I am abandoned by friends; my estate lost; lawsuits and creditors forever perplex me; the thoughts of my birth, and the figure I have made in the world, aggravate my misery; and to labor at the oar like a slave, is what my spirit can never submit to."

The goddess beheld him with pity and displeasure, saying—"Dost nobility consist in affluence, ease, and luxury? No, Melesichton, it consists in the imitation of thy virtuous ancestors; the just man only is truly noble. Nature is sufficed with little; enjoy that little with the sweat of the brow; live free from dependence, and no man will be nobler than thyself—Luxury and false ambition, are the bane of mankind.—If thou art destitute of the conveniences of life, who shall better supply thee than thyself? Be not terrified, then at the thought of attaining them by industry and application."

She said, and instantly presented him with a golden ploughshare and a horn of plenty. All the rural deities passed on, and as they passed they smiled on Melesichton.

He awaked; a dawn of comfort enlivened his soul; he told his dream to his faithful partner, who rejoiced with him, and approved his interpretation. The next day they dismissed all the attendants.—Proxinoe with Poeminis spun, while Melesichton and Melipoeus tended their sheep. All their fine needle-work was disregarded; their own ground produced their daily food; their own hands prepared it, and it was enjoyed with that true relish which is inseparable from temperance and labour. Winter was the season for repose, when the family, innocently gay, returned thanks to the gods for their harmless, unambitious pleasures.

In a little time, Melesichton was in better circumstances than before. The company he kept was within the compass of his true friends and his own family. Their humble residence was far from court, where pleasures bear so high a price; their enjoyments were sweet, innocent, easy to be attained with no dangers.—Still was their diet frugal, and their industry continued.

Melesichton's friends now pressed him, since fortune once again had proved propitious to resume his former post, and shine once more in the great world. Melesichton replied—"Shall I again give way to pomp and luxury, the fatal cause of all my misfortunes; or shall I spend my future days in rural labors which have not only made me rich again, but what is more, completely happy?"

One day, in his old solitary shade, he reposed himself on the grass, with as much serenity of mind, as before with confusion and despair.—There again he slumbered; again the goddess Ceres in a dream addressed him thus,—"True nobility consists in receiving no favors from any one, and bestowing with a liberal hand on all.—

On the fruitful bosom of the earth, and on your own hands let your dependence rest. Never for luxury and empty show resign that solid good, which is the natural and ever running fountain of true happiness.

GEORGE STANLEY.

If there is a being on earth that reminds us of the heavenly purity of angelic natures, it is a young, artless, and beautiful female; guileless and unsuspecting herself, and ready to disbelieve the existence of fraud in others. Such was Clara Wood in her seventeenth year; the brightest eyes and lightest hearted maiden that ever crossed the blue waters of Delaware, or plucked the blushing flowers that bloom on its margin. Unacquainted with the world, and secure in her own innocence and loveliness, she was unconscious of her merit, and believed all the world as lovely and as innocent. What wonder, then, that Clara was the idol of the village: that no tongue named her but with praise; and every eye recognized her with pleasure? She had a nameless and peculiar charm amidst her natural wildness and reserve, that in the eyes of some enhanced her virtue. It was not beauty; for though possessed of a face fair as any Pennsylvanian damsel could boast, and a form cast in nature's finest mould, Clara Wood was not beautiful; at least; not regularly so: but there was an indelible something, *je ne sais quoi*, that shone in her dark blue eye, sparkled in her smile, which interested and captivated all beholders. But though almost destitute of faults, she was not destitute of frailties; she had a little of the spirit of romance; and a slight tincture of pride, which however, in her, seemed exalted to a virtue, and remained concealed, if not lost, in her genuine simplicity and gentleness.

Clara was an orphan, and had been so from her infancy; but she did not know the want of maternal tenderness, being under the care of an aged aunt, whose active affection made ample amends for the loss she had experienced. The spot where they resided was one of those whose exquisite beauty call up to the imagination of the sensitive observer the fabled scenes of Elysium. The river here expanded into a broader channel; while a projecting point, which ran some distance into the water, bounded the sight. Behind lay a thick copse of trees, whose luxuriant foliage was then beginning to be tinged with the hues of autumn; and in a retired part of this thicket just seen by the column of smoke that rose above the trees, and hung in moist drapery over the river, stood a neat and beautiful cottage, discoverable, on a nearer view, by an opening in the wood; which had been the dwelling place of Clara ever since, in deep mourning, but unconscious of the cause, the little sufferer left Brunswick to reside with her aunt. From the beauty of its scenery, and the sylph-like form that inhabited it, it had obtained among the more refined of the village, the appellation of the *Fairy Cottage*. A low and murmuring stream stole silently by, betrayed by the richer verdure of its banks, till it lost itself in the broad bosom of the Delaware, while, at a distance, the spire of the rural village church pointed in proud simplicity to heaven.

As autumn gradually declined, and its beauties faded and perished, it was there she first saw George Stanley, the hero of this simple tale. He was the only and favorite son of an English gentleman, who, being considerably reduced in circumstances, irritated and enga-

ged at the mercenary and perfidious conduct of his pretended friends, had quitted society in misanthropic disgust, and crossed the Atlantic with the intention of burying himself forever in the wilds of America. He had, however, too much affection for his son, as well as parental pride, to seclude himself from social life; and George mingled in the gayest and most fashionable circles. Young Stanley inherited the same temper and disposition with his father; proud, ardent, impetuous, and generous almost to a fault, warm and eager in his affections, and equally violent in his prejudices and dislikes. Possessed of a competency that secured him from the menaces of want, conscious of his own powers, and assured of the fidelity of those he admitted to his confidence, he scorned equally the smiles and frowns of a world of which he imagined himself totally independent. Yet he was benevolent and amply qualified to become a distinguished ornament of the society in which he lived. I must not specify the particulars of his acquaintance with Clara. Suffice it to say, he saw and loved her. His father could not withhold his consent in a matter in which the happiness of his son was so deeply interested; he obtained leave to visit her; and our youthful hero, in a few months, saw himself at the summit of his warmest wishes.

Year after year, unmarked by any vicissitude of fortune, or any event of signal importance, passed on in uninterrupted felicity. The rural gaiety of Clara was exchanged for a more sober and matronly character; and as the light dewdrop of maiden vanity was dissipated, and the early blossoms of youth matured by the genial influence in riper years, they bid fair for the most luxuriant fruits of innocence and virtue.

Not so with George. As he mingled in the more busy sphere of life, his inclinations were extended; and he would not unfrequently, to while a vacant or listless hour, partake with his social companions of the glass. For a while, he continued his visits to the place of rendezvous merely for amusement; but at length discovered, with astonishment and horror, that they were almost necessary to his existence. Conscience and reason warned him to renounce it; but pride, shame, and every false passion that had sway in his breast, persuaded him that he had now gone too far to retract; and flight from the enemy would not only be ineffectual, but cowardly. Fatal, fatal delusion! Oh, Intemperance! with that subtle charm dost thou sooth thy unsuspecting victims, till reason abandons them, and they awake from a dream of pleasure, only to know that they have slumbered too long. One evening when he had drank rather deeply of the exhilarating draught, he was prevailed upon, partly by persuasion, partly by example, to join a party at the whist table. He lost, and lost—staked more and lost again—till, overpowered by the fumes of wine and the bitterness of disappointment, he was forced to retire. But the die was cast; and ruin, so often invited, now rapidly advanced.

Meanwhile the anxious and affectionate Clara observed an evident change in the conduct of her husband. He would often fix his keen black eye intently upon her; then with a sudden and deep sigh, suddenly withdraw it, and relapse again into thought. He grew pale and emaciated, and cautiously avoided conversation; so that the unhappy Clara found her only relief in silent tears. She was not ignorant of his fondness for the bottle for she had long given up all hopes of his reformation, but a new and secret grief seemed now to prey

upon his spirits. Clara forebore to weary herself in vain conjectures. She assumed a cheerfulness she could not feel, to sooth his grieving melancholy; and often seemed thoughtless and spirited, when her heart was sinking under a load of misery. It happened one night, George protracted his stay longer than usual.—Clara sat by her lonely fireside, watching the fluctuations of the light, as it leaped from one dying ember to another, glimmered dimly, and expired as the darkness thickened around it. The slow dull hand of the clock already pointed to the hour of twelve, and yet he came not. Clara was alarmed; and as the last stroke of the departing day sounded in her ear, it seemed like a knell upon her bleeding breast. A few moments passed, the door opened, and the object of her thoughts entered; but not as he was wont to do, with sullen and abstracted air. His usually pale countenance was flushed and fiery, and his eye had an expression that savored of insanity. Clara started back, he took no notice of it but threw himself on a chair without speaking. "Once it was not so," said Clara mildly; and unable to control the distracting recollections that crowded on her mind, burst into tears. The reproach stung him to the soul; he rose, and seizing both her hands, with a wild and desperate look exclaimed, "I have ruined you and myself; I have lost all, but I will retrieve it;" and darting from the room, left his wife petrified with horror. She had passed the remainder of a restless night, and the gray dawn of morning was just breaking from the east, when a heavy step and knock was heard at the door; and an unknown messenger brought the dreadful tidings that her husband was taken in a robbery, and committed to prison.—Clara heard no more; the seat of reason, so lately shaken with one dreadful pang, gave way, tottered, and sunk forever. Let us return to George. In the corner of a miserable dungeon, loaded with chains, wan and ghastly with disease and guilt, lay the once noble George Stanley. The unhappy young man having lost his all at the gaming table the preceding night, had returned and made one desperate stake; and failing in his last recourse committed the deed for which he was to suffer. His day of trial arrived; he was condemned and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment. The stroke was too much. His constitution, enfeebled by excess, grew weaker and weaker; he was seized with a raging delirious fever, and expired in his dungeon.

This passing traveller may have noticed, not far from H——, a small and lonely grave, overgrown with briars, and sheltered by the shadowy foliage of a few bushes. It is a humble and desolate spot; but its rank grass waves over one of the mildest and best of beings; and the maidens of her native village often think of her and heave a sigh for her early and melancholy fate.

SOMNABULISM.

An officer had been a somnambulist from his infancy, and preserved during his sleep the faculty of hearing what was said to him, and of answering. One day several of his friends came upon him as in his chamber, and resolved to put the reality of the story, which they had often heard, to the proof. They began to converse with him, and received short but direct answers. One of them took it in his head that he would begin a quarrel, and addressed some offensive words to the sleeper. The officer replied in

high wrath, and his countenance assumed a threatening expression. His gestures were furious, and the dispute came to such a pitch, that it could only be ended by a duel. This was proposed to him and accepted. A pistol was put into his hand, with which he took aim, and fired. Awakened by the explosion, he was greatly surprised to find himself in the midst of his friends, all laughing at the amusing scene which they had witnessed. He remembered nothing, and they were obliged to explain the whole to him. I forgot to say, what the professor, from whom I had the fact, told me, that they found it necessary to touch the sleeping man before he could bear testimony to what was said to him. Another of the same thing is as follows:—A young man, a familiar friend from infancy of a very worthy physician, addicted himself very eagerly to poetry. One day he had attempted in vain to polish and render more correct some verses which he had composed.—During the night he got up, opened his desk, set to writing, and then read aloud what he had written, applauding himself, bursting into fits of laughter, &c. He then returned to bed, and continued to sleep. In the morning he recollected with uneasiness the incorrect state of his verses; he paid a visit to his manuscript, took it out, and found the deficiencies supplied with his own hand, and in the happiest style. Full of astonishment, and not knowing whether this was the effect of his good or bad genius, he begged his friends to explain the mystery, which he could not himself comprehend.—*Lettres sur le Magnetisme.*

LOST AND FOUND.—During the time Sir James Gordon commanded the Active, a seaman was pressed from a merchant ship, who declared he had lost the use of one arm. The Active continued two years on the Mediterranean station, and though subjected to a secret and strict watch, both night and day, J——'s faithful arm never betrayed the slightest muscular motion. Being suspected to be an excellent seaman, he was plied with every inducement and argument to desist from an unprofitable and unavailing imposture. He still appealed to his helplessness as a full title to his discharge, and though appointed to the most degrading duties, as sweeper and scavenger, his infirmity continued inflexible to the last. In an engagement with an enemy's squadron, his captain had stationed him on the quarter deck, so as to be under his own eye. During the heat of the action he never lost sight of his darling subject, preserving the most perfect presence of mind, recollecting that if he had "one hand for the king, the other was for himself," for though fighting like a lion, it was observed that only one arm was employed at the gun-tackle-fall. His gallant commander now falling severely wounded, that important secret, which neither artifice, encouragement, threats, disgrace, or even the din of battle could induce him to reveal, the generous feeling of humane concerns for his esteemed commander's misfortune betrayed in a moment. The honest tar completely off his guard, was the first to pick up his mangled officer in both his arms. The grand discovery was first made by Sir James, who though deprived of a limb, with admirable coolness, observed, "well my boy, if I've lost a leg, I'm glad to see you've found an arm." As the reader will anticipate, he soon proved to be one of the best seamen of a "crack crew," and was ultimately promoted for his exemplary conduct.

Sharp reply.—While Commodore Anson's ship the Centurion was engaged in close fight with the rich Spanish galleon which he afterwards took, a sailor came running to him, and cried out, "Sir our ship is on fire near the powder magazine." "Then pray, friend," said the commodore, not in the least degree discomposed, "run back and assist in putting it out."

THE LITERARY CASKET.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1826.

A PEEP AT CANADA.
AN EXTRACT

"Our cortege conducted us through narrow streets, with stone houses, iron window shutters, the whole heavy and gloomy, in strict keeping with many old Norman towns and cities; churches with tin roofs and spires broke upon us in every direction; priests, and blue coat candidates for secular preferment, crossed us in every corner; a nun or two passed us in sable dress and melancholy air; a British soldier with red coat and martial step stalked by; the chiming of vespers bells broke upon our ear, and the *tout ensemble*, rendered more dismal by the shades of evening, afforded a singular contrast to the light, airy and champaign country which a few hours before we had left.

Hotels and public accommodations at Montreal exceed the expectation of travellers in their real and substantial comforts. One of these hotels, called Masonic Hall, in point of elegance and position, is not surpassed by any in the union.

In one of the sections of the city is the *Champ de Mars*, on which a company or two of British troops parade daily, accompanied by a fine but weak military band. Here strangers and loungers amuse a half hour with the shadow of a military display—the "pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious war," being happily for us, empty and evanescent.—The military force stationed at Montreal is not more than necessary to protect public property—we should have said the king's property.

The court of King's Bench had opened its sessions, and we strolled in to observe the manner in which the laws are administered. The Chief Justice, a plain good looking man, with a three cornered cocked hat, read his charge to the grand jury in French and English; the plain travelled record. The court was crowded with a populace of brown, dirty, unintelligible countenances, exhibiting a populace whose whole contour and appearance were the reverse of those we had left, in what they call the *States*. A dull, vacant stare—a heavy, ignorant brow—clothes, coarse and old fashioned—nothing of briskness, sharpness, enterprise, or exertion marked what are termed the "*habitants*."

A cathedral, the largest in America, is now building in Montreal, under the direction of Mr. O'Donnell, which when completed, will do credit to his taste; it is built of blue granite, with a solidity and compactness which will defy the ravages of time. This church will cost half a million of dollars. The proceeds of loans and donations, and the revenues will not be sufficient to support its officiating clergy.

Of all the public works, the La Chine Canal and Locks are the most honourable to the ingenuity and fidelity of their projectors. It is a short and costly undertaking, but completed in the most solid and faithful manner.

In Montreal, like all towns deficient in local attractions, society has to fill up the blank, without which the long bleak winters, the short and insufferable summers would render it "stale and unprofitable." In this respect, its intelligence, respectability and cordiality, give it a high rank among the cities of the north, and the perfect good feeling and disposition evinced by the English residents towards their American neighbours, give them strong claims to reciprocal regards."

FROM "VIVIAN GREY."

DESCRIPTION OF LORD BYRON.

If one thing was more characteristic of Byron than another, it was his strong, shrewd common sense—his pure, unalloyed sagacity. I was slightly acquainted with him in England, for I was then very young. But many years afterwards I met him in Italy. It was at Pisa, just before he left for Genoa. I was then very much struck at the alteration in his appearance. His face was very much swollen, and he was getting fat. His hair was grey, and his countenance had lost that spiritual expression which it once so eminently possessed. His teeth were decaying; and he said if he ever came to England, it would be to consult Wayte about them. I certainly was very much struck at his alteration for the worse. Besides, he was dressed in the most extraordinary manner. He had on a magnificent foreign foraging cap, which he wore in the room, but his grey curls were quite perceptible; and a frogged surcoat; and he had a large gold chain round his neck and pushed into his waist-coat pocket. I imagined, of course, that a glass was attached to it; but I afterwards found that it bore nothing but a quantity of trinkets. He had also another gold chain, tight round his neck like a collar. I was not long at Pisa, but we never parted, and there was only one subject of conversation—England, England, England. I never met a man, in whom the *maladie du pays* was so strong. Byron was certainly at this time restless and discontented. He was tired of his dragoon captains, and pensioned poetsasters, and he dared not come back to England with what he considered a tarnished reputation. His only thought was of some desperate exertion to clear himself. It was for this he went to Greece. When I was with him, he was in correspondence with some friends in England, about the purchase of a large tract of land in Colombia. He affected a great admiration of Bolivar. The loss of Byron can never be retrieved. He was indeed a man—a real man; and when I say this I award him, in my opinion, the most splendid character which human nature need aspire to. Byron's mind was like his own ocean—sublime in its yesty madness—beautiful in its glittering summer brightness—mighty in the lone magnificence of its waste of waters—gazed upon from the magic of its own nature, yet capable of representing but as in a glass darkly, the natures of all others.

MATERNITY.—Woman's charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose just bursting into beauty has an irresistible bewitchingness; the blooming bride, led triumphantly to the hymenial altar, awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheeks fills with delight; but the charm of maternity is more sublime than these. Heaven has imprinted on the mother's face, something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies; the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking, watchful eye, which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.

These are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can touch; which poetry fails to exalt; which the most eloquent tongue in vain would eulogize, and to portray which, all description becomes ineffective. In the heart of man lies the lovely picture, it lives in his sympathies, it reigns in his affections; his eyes look round in vain for such another object on the earth.

Maternity! ecstatic sound; so twined round our heart, that it must cease to throb ere we forget it! "tis

our first love! 'tis part of our religion—Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are first uplied to it; we cling to it in manhood, we almost worship it in old age. He who can enter an apartment and behold the tender babe feeding on its mother's beauty, nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bosom and grateful eye, is no man, but a monster. He who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking of Heaven! or view the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she should break its slumbers, without a veneration beyond all common feeling, is to be avoided in every intercourse in life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness, and the solitude of the desert.

LAUGHTER.—A witty writer says, in praise of Laughter—"Laughter has even dissipated disease and reserved life by a sudden effort of nature. We are told that the great Erasmus laughed so heartily at the satire by Reucellier & Van Hutton, that he broke an imposthume, and recovered his health." In a similar treatise on 'laughter,' Joubert gives two similar instances. A patient being very low, the physician, who had ordered a dose of rhubarb, countermanded the medicine, which was left on the table. A monkey in the room, jumping up, discovered the goblet, and having tasted, made a terrible grimace. Again putting only his tongue to it, he perceived some sweetness of the dissolved manna, while the rhubarb had sunk to the bottom. Thus emboldened, he swallowed the whole, but found it such a nauseous portion, that after many strange and fantastic grimaces, he grinded his teeth in agony, and in a violent fury threw the goblet on the floor. The whole affair was so ludicrous, that the sick man burst into repeated peals of laughter, and the recovery of cheerfulness led to health."

CORSICAN MARRIAGES.—The long courtships that generally precede the marriages of a more civilized people, are unknown in Corsica; neither is the bridegroom the first proposer of the union.—The day of marriage of young persons is one of great festivity. In the evening the bride is conducted to the house of her husband, amidst the music of violins, and cetre, whilst the attendants sing a sort of gratulatory epithalamium. The husband comes out of his house at the sound of music, and amidst the discharge of muskets, receiving the company with cordiality; offering honey, fruits, wines, and other things, for their refreshment. When the married couple are advanced in years, so that the union is not likely to be fruitful, the Corsicans conduct themselves in a totally different manner. Instead of approaching the bridegroom's house with instruments of music, they come with spades, horns, discordant bells, and make a frightful "charivari."—*Sketches of Corsica.*

Though the world is wide enough for every one to take a little, and there appears no reason why we jostle and make one another unhappy as we pass along, yet so it is, we are continually thwarting and crossing each other at right angles, and some lose all sense and memory of that temper which governed us at our first setting out.

Despise not the meanest of mankind—a wasp may sting a giant.

VARIETY.

Devoted Loyalty.—When Richard Cœur de Lion on one of his crusades, had fallen into an ambuscade which the Soldan had placed for him, and vainly contending against numbers, was on the point of being captured, William de Porcelletes, a baron of Provence, cried out in the Saracen tongue, "I am the king." The infidels immediately surrounded him, and Richard escaped. The in-guaminoous Saladin received his prisoner with distinguished honour, applauded his loyalty and valour, loaded him with costly gifts, and treated him in every respect as a king. He was finally exchanged for ten of the greatest princes belonging to the court of Saladin.

ALMANACKS are said to have originated with Germans, who formerly used to engrave, or cut upon square sticks, about a foot in length, the courses of the moon of the whole year, whereby they could tell when the new moon and changes should happen; as also their festival days; and this stick they called an *Alt-moonight*, that is to say *Alt moon heed*.

Two gentlemen, were taking in a coffee house, of the best method of dressing a beef-steak. One of them observed, that of all receipts, that are given in the words of Macbeth, when he deliberates on the intended death of the king, is best; "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it it were done quickly."

Required Love.—What words can be more delightful to the human ear, than the unexpected effusions of generosity and affection from a beloved woman? A young gentleman, after great misfortunes, came to a lady he had long courted, and told her his circumstances were become so reduced, that he actually wanted five guineas, "I am very glad to hear it," said she. "Is this your affection for me?" he replied in a tone of despondency. "Why are you glad?" "Because," she answered, "if you want five guineas, I can put you in possession of five thousand."

A young man went into a public house near the market in Boston, where several gentlemen were conversing upon politics, or the "allied banks," and accosted them as follows—"Pray, gentlemen, I 'spose you han't none on you never seen nothing of no box that nobody left no where about here no time to-day, without no kiver on't han't you?"

There was something of novelty, it is true, but not less of reason, in the proceedings of a late esteemed minister of New-England, who, at the close of a very badly sung psalm, read another to the choir, saying, "you must try again; for it is impossible to preach after such singing!"

Paper.—The most ancient specimen of paper, such as we now use, made of linen rags, is a charter, seven inches long, and three inches broad, preserved in the Emperor's library at Vienna, which was written in the year 1243, as the date is calculated by Mr. Schwandnel, an Austrian nobleman, and principal keeper of the imperial library, who has written an essay on this curious relique, which is half a century older than any other specimen that has been discovered.

Cannon Foundry in Montreal Gaol.—It was discovered on Friday, 29th ult. that John Moore, (one of the two soldiers of the 76th Regiment, who is confined for assisting Burke with tools to break jail,) had melted the water pipes of Ward No. 2, made moulds, and cast the metal into six small cannons, capable of carrying a pistol bullet, and some of them well executed, one of them completely finished, marked G. H. ornamented with the crown, and proved; the others were in progress so as to form a regular battery. Informa-

tion has been given, that they were intended to shoot the jailor and centry, as soon as an opportunity should afford to make a sortie. Moore is stated to have been a troublesome and dangerous man in his Regiment; and to have made an attempt to blow up Fort Erie; he has also deserted to and from the Americans.

Sensibility.—A lady, who made pretensions to the most refined feelings, went to her butcher to remonstrate with him on his cruel practices. "How," said she, "can you be so barbarous as to put innocent little lambs to death?" "Why not, madam?" said the butcher; "you would not eat them alive, would you?"

Horses and Oxen.—M. Dupetimont, in a late agricultural work, examines the advantages of cultivating land by the labor of horses, and by that of oxen. He concludes that the food of horses costs twice as much as that of the oxen required to perform the same work; the horses have 261 kinds of diseases, and oxen only 47; and that the manure produced by a horse will enrich only half as much land as that furnished by an ox.

Sir Isaac Newton.—The wonderful sagacity and discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton being the subject of conversation in a mixed company, some knowing person observed that he thought the philosopher must have had intercourse with a demon.—"Aye," said the fellow, "that he had, and I can tell you his name, it was *Demonstration*."

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!—During Mrs. Billington's *bravura* in the last act, Mr. Billington, her husband, who was seated in the orchestra, conceiving that the trumpeter did not accompany her with sufficient force, frequently called to him, in a subdued tone, "Louder, louder!" The leader of the band, being of a similar opinion to Mr. Billington's, repeated the same command so often, that at length the indignant German, in an agony of passion and exhaustion, threw down his trumpet, and turning towards the audience, violently exclaimed, "It be very easy to cry 'louder! louder!' but, by gar! vere is de *vind*?"

A twig of the law an attorney, having entered into a volunteer corps, on the first field day he was ordered to *charge*—when he instantly whipped out his pocket book, and put down \$5.

A person the other morning at market, purchasing a round of salt beef, remarked that he did not like its looks—it appeared rather blue. "That is very natural, sir," said the butcher, "for it is corned."

A Physician.—A certain physician, when he visited his rich and luxurious patients, always went into their kitchens, and shook hands with their cooks. "My good friends," said he, "I owe you much, for you confer great favours upon me. Your skill, your ingenious and palatable art of poisoning, enables us medical men to ride in our carriages; without your assistance we should all go on foot and be starved."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Conversations on Natural Philosophy, in which the Elements of that Science are particularly explained. Illustrated with Plates. By the Author of Conversations on Chemistry, &c. With Corrections and Improvements, appropriate Questions, and a Glossary, by Dr. Thomas P. Jones.

American Popular Lessons, chiefly selected from the Writings of Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth, and other approved authors. Eighth Edition.

A Chronological History of New England, in the form of Annals: being a summary and exact Account of the most material Transactions and Occurrences relating to this Country, in the Order of Time wherein they happened, from the Discovery of Capt. Gosnold, in 1602, to the Arrival of Gov. Belcher, in 1730. With an Introduction, containing a brief Epitome of the most considerable Transactions and Events abroad. From the Creation. By Thomas Prince, M. A. Boston.

An Account of the Salt Springs at Salina, in Onondaga County, State of New York. With a Chemical Examination of the Water and of several Varieties of Salt, manufactured at Salina and Syracuse. By Lewis C. Beck, M. D. New York.

The Western Harmonic Companion; containing most of the Tunes used in Divine Worship in the Western Country, &c. Lexington, Ky.

Reflections on the subject of Emigration from Europe with a View to Settlement in the United States; containing Brief Sketches of the Moral and Political Character of this country. Philadelphia.

A Masonic Address, delivered at Lynn, Mass. June 24. By Caleb Cushing.

"Uninitiated as we are into the mysteries of the ancient and venerable brotherhood, we cannot be supposed to understand all the points touched upon in this Discourse, yet we have been entertained, as well as instructed, by its perusal. After a short eulogy on John the Baptist, who is called the 'patron saint of the order,' Mr. Cushing proceeds to give a brief history of Free Masonry, with which he interweaves occasionally eloquent passages of general reflections. His views of the antiquity of Masonry may be understood from the following extract.—*N. A. Review*

"If these considerations are entitled to any weight, they furnish a clue to guide us through the labyrinth of doubts and uncertainties, which involve the antiquities of Free Masonry. They lead us directly to the connexion between this and the ancient mysteries of the Greeks and the Egyptians; and indicate how it was that architecture became so intimately associated with our order, as to lead to the popular belief that it had its origin in a society of architects. The Eleusiniac mysteries of the Greeks, and the ceremonies of the Jews, it is certain, were introduced among those people from Egypt, the immediate parent of the religion and science of all the ancient nations, of whom we possess any authentic knowledge. And to these time-honoured institutions, coeval with the indestructible pyramids of Cheops, the hundred gates of Thebes, do we thus follow up the antiquities of Masonry, conducted by a series of separate proofs, each supported upon its own evidence, but all conspiring irresistibly to establish the same fact. I may not, without foul betrayal [?] of the most sacred trust, allude irreverently to our solemn forms of initiation; but thus much I may safely declare, that in the little we know of the Egyptian and Eleusiniac mysteries, there is the most perfect resemblance to the proofs, the obligations, and the instructions, which the masonic candidate witnesses and receives. Time, indeed, has ingrafted on them very many things of modern invention; and the nomenclature and allusions are of Jewish derivation; but still in the great results there is a minute similarity, which on every examination would strike every observant Mason."

JOB PRINTING

ELEGANTLY EXECUTED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF
THE CASKET.

IN A WINDY PLACE.

VISIT TO THE INSANE HOSPITAL.

I've seen the wreck of loveliest things—I've wept
O'er youthful beauty in her early shroud!
All pale, and cold, as when the moon hath slept
In the white foldings of a wintry cloud.

I've seen the wreck of noblest things—I've mourn'd
O'er fallen manhood, e'en in life's young bloom—
In whose deep glance the immortal spirit burn'd
Most brightly—what a victim for the tomb!

I've seen the wreck of proudest thing—I've sigh'd
O'er sculptur'd moulds in low prostration laid—
Towers, that the blast of ages had defied,
All mouldering dark beneath the ivy shade.

But oh! there is a scene of deeper woe!
To which the soul can never be resign'd—
'Tis frenzy's tramp—Reason's overthrow—
The ruin'd structure of the human mind!

Oh! 'tis a sight of paralyzing dread,
To mark the rolling of a maniac's eye!
From which the spark of intellect hath fled—
The laugh convulsive—or the quivering sigh.

To see Ambition! with his moonlight helm,
His shield a shadow—and his sword a straw—
The fancied monarch of a powerful realm,
Discouraging nobly, and dictating war!

To see pale Beauty raise her dewy eye,
Toss her white arms—and beckon things of air,
As if she held communion with the sky—
And all she loved, and all she sought were there.

To list the warring of unearthly sounds,
That wildly rise, like ocean's distant swell—
Or spirits shrieking o'er enchanted grounds;
To call dark magic from her secret cell.

Oh never, never! may such fate be mine—
I'd rather dwell in earth's remotest cave,
So I, my spirit calmly must resign,
To Him who reason's glorious blessing gave!
AUGUSTA.

ANSWER TO

LORD BYRON'S LINES ON LOVE,

BEGINNING.

"Yes; Love, indeed, is light from Heaven.
A spark of that immortal fire,
With angels shared—by Alla given—
To lift from earth our low desire—"

Oh! say not Love is light from Heaven,
A sacred flame of hallow'd birth!
Oh! tell me not that Love is given
To lift the heart of man from earth—

No, no! 'tis but a chain to bind
The spirit to this earthly sphere:
To lull with false repose the mind,
And make this fleeting life too dear.

The soul that hath no earthly tie,
May cast a longing glance on high;
But those who taste the Heaven of Love,
Forget there is a Heaven above.

Then say not Love is light from Heaven,
A sacred flame of hallow'd birth;
Then tell me not that Love is given
To wean the soul of man from earth.
Blackwood's Magazine.

WOMAN.

But such is woman! mystery at best;
Seeming most cold when most the heart is burning,
Hiding the melting passions of her breast
Beneath a snowy cloud, and scarce returning
One glance on him for whom her soul is yearning;
Adoring, yet repelling: proud, but weak;
Conquered, commanding still; enslaved, yet spurning;
Cuecking the word her heart would bid her speak,
Love raging in her breast, but banished from her cheek.
He who would read her thoughts, must mark unseen
Her eye's full undisguised expression; trace

(to trace he could, while distance's world between)
The feelings, blushing, quivering on her face;
He who would know her heart must first embrace,
And feel it beat uncheck'd against his own;
Chilled not by pride nor fear, nor time nor place;
As in a dream, unwitness'd and alone;
When every fearful thought unconsciously has flown

IF LOVE'S A SWEET PASSION.

If love's a sweet passion, why does it torment,
If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my complaint?
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve of my fate, since I know tis in vain?
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,
And by passive silence I make my love known.
But oh! how I'm bless'd when so kind she does prove
By some willing mistake to discover her love;
When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleasing her beauty! how sweet are her charms!
How fond her embraces, how peaceful her arms!
Sure there is no thing so easy as learning to love,
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above;
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and wins the fair field.

FROM THE ALBANY ESCRITOIR.

MASONIC BURIAL.

Slowly along the path they wind,
Blest sons of charity;
How like the glorious march of mind,
The march of masonry!
Ah! now each brother's breast unites
To mourn the mason's doom,
And pay the last sad funeral rites
Upon his closing tomb.

Beside the grave I saw them stand
And gaze upon the ground,
A solemn sorrow mid the band
Was present and profound.
Then in the grave each brother threw,
The sprig of friendship green,
An emblem of his virtues true
Which they in life had seen.

Full many a weeping widow's prayer
Ascended o'er the dead
And many an orphan boy was there
Whom his kind hand had fed;
And well they knew they lost a friend
Whom they should see no more.
Whose footsteps kind no more should bend
Unto their lowly door.

An old man, too, whose head was white,
Stood at that solemn place,
He sigh'd and sobb'd to see the sight,
His tears stream'd down his face;
Alas! he cried, my friend has fled,
But let me not complain,
He oft has given the old man bread;
He said—and wept again.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Why do I weep;—to leave the vine,
Whose clusters o'er me bend?
The myrtle—yet, O! call it mine?
The flowers I loved to tend?

A thousand thoughts of all things dear,
Like shadows o'er me I weep,
I leave my sunny childhood here,
Oh! therefore let me weep!

I leave thee, sister!—we have play'd
Through many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hung dim o'er fount and bower!

Yes; thou and I, by stream, by shore,
'n song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more,
Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee, father!—Eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With gather'd grapes, and lyre in tune,
Thy homeward steps to greet!
Thou in whose voice, to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth has smil'd,—
I leave thee! let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee! on thy breast
Pouring out joy and woe,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless—yet I go!

Lips that have bull'd me with your strain,
Eyes that have watched my sleep,
Will earth give love like yours again?
Sweet mother! let me weep!

WOMAN'S TEARS.

When starts the tear in woman's eye,
When cold's her cheek and pale;
'Tis then her magic power is felt,
'Tis then her charms prevail.
And when the eyes of those we love
Gleam 'mid a shower of tears,
'Tis then the soul's deep eloquence
In every look appears.

WILLIAM RAY. This patriot of the Tripolitan war is one of those unfortunate sons of song, who, passed by, neglected and forgotten by the world, has been doomed to pass the latter days of his life in penury and want.—The pitiful compensation for his services, which has twice been asked from Congress, has in both instances been denied,—and to relieve the wants of his declining years, he has lately published a volume of poems. The following stanza from his pen, lately appeared in the Auburn Free Press:

My harp is on the willows hung;
My minstrelsy is o'er;
Its trembling chords are all unstrung,
For palsied is the tuneless tongue,
And with despair my heart is wrong,
And I can sing no more,
Till heaven the gift restore:
And should that moment never be,
Ah! who will ever think of me?

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